

# BLACK AND WHITE

Vol 11

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Number 11

## SENIOR CLASS PLAY A SUCCESS

"The best ever" is the comment heard on all sides in regard to the Senior Class Play "Capt. Racket", which was given March 16. This means much to the graduating class for it has always been the aim of the school to put on only the best plays in the best manner possible.

As each character acted his or her part exceptionally well it is hard to judge which member of the cast should be given the most credit.

Floyd Watkins as "Capt. Racket", or Bob", "A lawyer part of the time and a liar always", showed his ability for playing this long part by his good acting throughout the entire play and we feel that no other member of the class would have done so well as he in this particular part.

Roy Bolz as the Captain's Uncle Obadiah Dawson brought the house down in a roar of laughter, because of his successful acting of this comedy role.

To Harold von der Hellen much credit is given for the clever manner in which he acted as Timothy Tolman, "the young husband who married for money and was sorry for it".

But just the same he simply had to see the girls go "te ta te ta"; and then the trouble began.

Mrs Tolman was taken by Mildred Ward who successfully played the role of the jealous wife, and made trouble for her husband Timothy. Because of some of her queer mannerisms the audience burst into laughter. Much praise was given to her.

Mildred Bolz as Clarice, Bob's charming wife, and "out for a lark", later found that she had some difficulty in proving to her husband that she was not of the "ballet girl type". Mildred was great in this part.

Frank Denzer as Mr. Dalroy proved himself to be a devoted father to his daughter Clarice.

Audrey Smith was good as Katy, a pretty, winsome maid, and came in the scenes in most unexpected places.

Hobson, the waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana", was the part well played by William Hunter. His appearance added to the confusion and made more trouble for Timothy.

Mr. and Miss Whitman who directed this play deserve much credit for the time and endeavor spent in making the performance a decided success. Also Mr. Fletcher Fish should be credited for he added some finishing points and made up the characters.



# BI-CENTENNIAL

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## EDITORIAL

Should Phoenix and Talent unite and form one High School District?

This would enable them to hire more and better teachers.

The grade Schools which are steadily growing will fill the present buildings. So the thing to do is to build a High School building which is large enough to accomodate both high schools. The situation being at the dividing line of the districts or somewhere near the central location.

One principal could over see both schools which would be a big saving.

They would be more able to furnish the high school with better equipment, and also there would be better athletics as it is hard to get a good athletic team together at one time in the present schools.

There are only a small per cent of the people of a community who take an interest in high school work but by adding that per cent of both

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communities together there would be a good deal more interest shown.

A high school should never be situated near the grade school on account of the conflict which arises between them.

Let's consider a bigger, better High School for the combined districts of Phoenix and Talent.

Everett--Say, Joseph, if you stood on a dime, why would you be like the Woolworth Company?

Joseph--Dunno.

Everett--Nothing above 10 cents.

F--ierce lessons.

L--ate hours.

U--nexpected company.

N--othing prepared.

K--id flunks.

Mr. Milam(in Geom.)--I am tempted to give you a test.

Andrew--Yield not to temptation.

Mr. Milam(in Physics)--Willie, can you name a liquid that does not freeze?

Willie--Hot water.

A bright Frosh--Why would a clock make a poor soldier?

Senior--Why, I don't know.

Frosh--Who ever heard of a soldier marking time with his hands.

Mr. Milam--Why were you late this morning?

John Rice--Well, I was walking down the street and saw a sign which had on it, "School Slow Down," so I did.

Mrs. A.--Abraham, you shouldn't give Ike so much money. You must have given him another quarter.

Abraham--Sh! Sh! I told him the gas meter was a saving bank.

Harold(to Floyd)--Howd you get the puncture?

Floyd--Ran over a chicken with pin feathers.

"Mr. Stevens, asked Mr. Watkins, "how is your son making it in college?"

Mr. Stevens--"He is n't. I'm making it and he's spending it."



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## COMMERCIAL CONTEST

The annual High School Commercial contest was held in Medford, Saturday, March 17th. Most of the High Schools of Jackson County are generally represented, but this year those who contested were Ashland, Medford, Central Point, and Phoenix.

Those who attended from Phoenix were Audrey Smith, for Shorthand III and Typewriting III, Mildred Hughes and Jeanette Sheets, for Typewriting I, Dorothy McClure and Loy Bell for Bookkeeping I, and Elsie Richards and Harold von der Hellen for Shorthand I.

Though the other schools, being much larger than Phoenix, had the advantage of us Harold took second place in Shorthand.

## PERSONAL ITEMS

The parents of Andrew Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Stevens left last week for an extended visit in California with their daughter, Mrs. James who was formerly Beta Stevens. She is a graduate of the Phoenix High School.

Willie Hunter received the tragic news of the death of his Aunt in Missouri last week. She was returning from a village and when she was crossing the railroad track, the engine of a train struck her and killed her immediately.

This news came as a great shock to the Hunter family.

## ALUMNI

Margaret Sheets has been given the excellent position of teaching the Griffin Creek School next year. She will receive a very good salary and will no doubt make a success. She is well qualified for the position as she has been taking Teacher's Training at the Medford High School this year, and has had quite a lot of experience in teaching different classes in the public schools of that city.

Daniel Calhoun, who graduated from the Phoenix High School in 1922, is now attending and Electrical School in Portland. Daniel worked in Medford in an electric store for some time and he is greatly interested in work of that kind.

Mrs. Robert Hayes, nee Thez Fische a former P. H. S. pupil has been making an extended visit in Phoenix with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fisher.

The many friends of Mrs. Hayes were very glad to see her again and her visit seemed only too brief to them.

## EN ROUTE

(continued from last issue)

It was not until supper-time that I discovered that I was the only lady passenger on the ship. I had the bridal chamber, but I had not supposed that the reason I had seen no woman on deck was because there were none on the ship.

The Lindsey was a freighter with accommodations for only thirty passengers. The crew consisted of one Captain Olson; first and second of officers; steward; purser; cook and two assistants; five or six waiters; a chief engineer and two assistants; four stokers; and an oiler.

The first two or three days out were bright and sunshiny, but as we made our way up along Vancouver Island, the mercury in the thermometer fell and the barometer also registered a noticeable change.

The "squat" timber and occasional patches of snow gave a bleak and lonely appearance to the land that made one feel as if he were indeed leaving home and friends for a vast and impenetrable wilderness.

On the fourth day out, we turned up Dixon Entrance to a small mining town to take some machinery. There were few things to see there, however, but we found comfort in standing on solid ground. The great Sulzer Copper mine, which was owned

(continued on next page)



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New line of spring  
dress goods  
ginghams,  
crepes  
hatiners

At the Phoenix Mercantile

Dr. T. J. Malmgren

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Second and Church Streets  
Phoenix Oregon

Phone 6-F-3

The Confectionery  
is the place  
where they all go

by Mr. Charles E. Sulzer, who later became Governor of Alaska, was quite a distance behind the town so we were disappointed in not getting to see it.

A few hours after we left Sulzer and had turned back toward the inside passage, we were shocked to hear that a dead body had been found hidden in the coal room. A stow-away had hidden there and, being caught by a coal slide, was smothered to death.

It was necessary to dispose of the body at once so, after having been wrapped in a leaded canvas, it was placed on a pile of lumber near the end of the boat. The regular burial-at-sea services were read by the captain, at the close of which, the end of the board supporting the body was raised slightly above the railing and we watched as the leaden bundle slid over the side of the boat and sunk silently beneath the waves. During the services the flag was lowered to half-mast and the boat wasslow-

down but not stopped.

At Ketchikan we stopped awhile and again at Wrangell and Petersburg. The weather by this time was quite cold and every morning we had a heavy fog.

Quite early in the afternoon of the twenty-third we were aware that we were going to have a storm--and we were not deceived. By seven o'clock the clouds had assembled and the storm burst upon us--full force.

The loud--almost deafening claps of thunder--followed each other in rapid succession. The all--too--frequent flashes of ~~thunder~~ lightning showed great, angry waves sweeping the decks of our insignificant craft. The wind was bitter cold and, as the engines of the boat could not generate enough steam to any more than keep the boat going, the staterooms were very cold indeed. I wrapped George up in some blankets and tucked him in head in the upper berth; then with the aid of a hammer and some tacks I at last succeeded in putting up a curtain around our bunks to keep in the warmth; then I too, bundled up in blankets and crawled onto my shelf.

The boat pitched and rolled in frightful spasms. The only thing that kept George and me from rolling out was our nailed-down curtain. Once I was obliged to get up and force the port-hole window shut again, for the immense waves dashing against it had opened it and water was pouring into my stateroom by the tubfull.

( to be continued in next issue)